Sigmund Freud
Goes Fishing

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODEN BOAT IN THE MIDDLE OF A CALM LAKE. TWO FIGURES CAN BE SEEN. -- MORNING

FREUD
I love to go swimming with bare legged women and swim between zer legs. Swim between zer legs. Swim between zer legs... Ach mein gott. Little fishes! Little Fishes! Come to me.

JOE
Sh. Sit down and stop rocking the boat. You're gonna scare the fish away.

FREUD
What fish? We have been here ... ein... zwei... drei... hours und nary a nibble.

JOE
Maybe if you stopped singing to the Buggers and checked your pole once in awhile they'd bite.

FUEUD
Interesting. Buggers und pole in the same sentence. Tell me what did you dream last night?

JOE
I dreamed you caught a fish so we could get out of here.

FREUD
I don't believe you. Do you not think we would stand a better chance if you fished as well?

JOE
I don't like fish. Can't trust them. Always staring at you with them unblinking eyes. Slimy mouths gasping for air. They be planning something I tells ya!

FREUD
Your, how you say, vernacular is quite impressive my fine fishing friend.

JOE
I don't have to like 'em to do my job.

FREUD
Why do you do the work if you don't like ze little fishes?

JOE
Mans' got to make a living. Such as it is.

FREUD
What if I offered you a different job?

JOE
I dont know nothing different but this.

FREUD
Mein friend this blood that flows through us. It is red this blood. The fish they too have the same color. Does this concern you? Oh, hater of fish?

JOE
Well, as long as they don't take our jobs and women.

FREUD
Women?

JOE
The fairer sex.

FREUD
Sex?

JOE
The gentler persuasion.

FREUD
Persuasion?

JOE
Quiet, check your pole!

FREUD
Pole... ya, pole.
    (reeling in the line)
Ach, mein gott. It is Gematzichfichtilangenfrantz!

JOE
Huh?

FREUD
Empty.

JOE
Better re-bait.

FREUD
Ya, ya. We catch ze fish with the fish.

JOE
Fish. Hate'em.

FREUD
Are not they cute?
    (admiring guppy)
Their tiny scales glistening in the golden light of dawn. Such streamlined bodies. Transparent fins. So adaptable und tasty. Perfect design.
    (bringing fish closer to face)
Beautiful. Colors.

JOE
Gonna bait it or kiss it?

FREUD
    (startled)
Kiss?

JOE
Quit talking to it and hook it!

FREUD
I can't.

JOE
What?

FREUD
I can't... Ze tiny fish is helpless. To put it on the hook is cruel.

JOE
How do you expect to catch a fish? With pipe tobacco?

FREUD
Well, I have something else.
    (brings out snuff box and coats guppy)

JOE
Whats that?

FREUD
Oh, its just a bit of truth.

JOE
How's truth gonna catch you a fish?

FREUD
Vell, its like this. Ze tiny brains of the fishes have some grasp of the sex. The sex is the same whether man or amphibian. We all come from ze the water and we all have to, well, you know.

JOE
Speaking of which.
(stands and turns away from the audience to take a leak)

FREUD
Ach. Now who scares the fishes!

JOE
Naw. *This* will bring'em round. My pappy told me , 'pee in the water fishin' will be hotter.'

FREUD
Hotter?

JOE
Better.
(quickly)

FREUD
Butter?

JOE
Better.

FREUD
Batter?

JOE
BETTER.

FREUD
Beater?

JOE
Yes.
(incredulous)
Ya. Beater.

FREUD
I Thought so.
(casts line)

JOE
Nice cast. Been fishing before?

FREUD
Ach yes. Mein vater used to take me to the creek and teach me how to use my rod.

DAS ENDE.